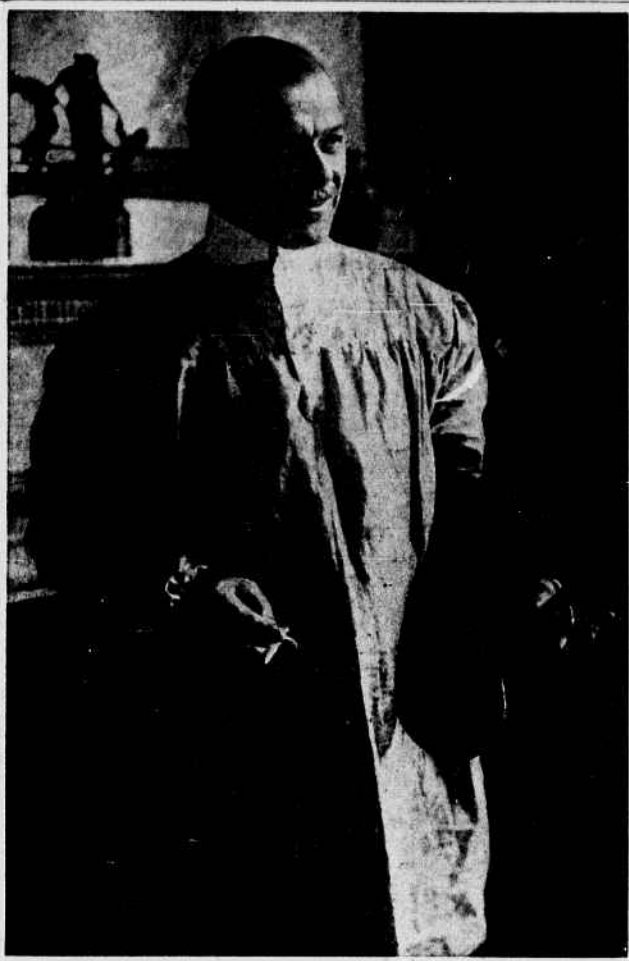
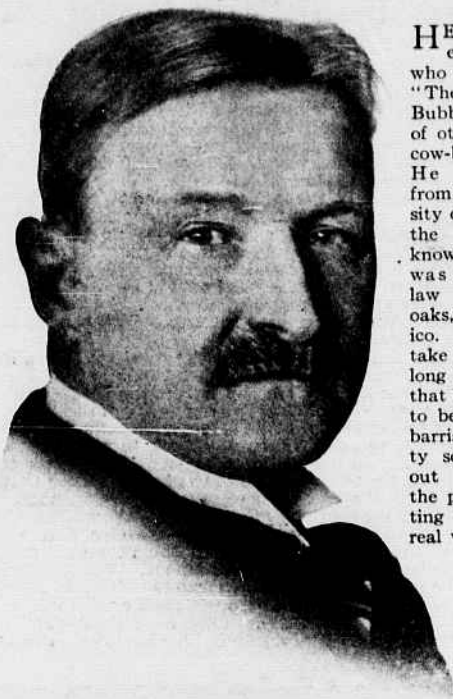


Men Who S



THE great R. W. (Chambers, of course) had no more intention of grinding off America's biggest best sellers than he had of starting a new religion. He wanted to be an artist—an illustrator. He and Charles Dana Gibson studied together at the Art Students' League in New York, and went down to *Life* together to sell their first drawings. Chambers' sketch was accepted and Gibson's was turned down; so off went Chambers in fine feather to study *l'art* in Paris. He did well, too, got pictures in the Salon, and came back to New York in 1893, to do illustrating for *Life*, *Truth*, and *Judge*. But his life in Paris was too good to be forgotten, and with "In the Quarter" and "The King in Yellow" he began his fiction writing. A critic of "The King in Yellow" said it must have been written under the influence of absinthe—and what better advertisement could a rising young author desire?



HERE is Emerson Hough, who has written "The Mississippi Bubble" and a lot of other splendid cow-boy stories. He graduated from the University of Iowa, and the next thing known of him he was practising law in White-oaks, New Mexico. It didn't take Mr. Hough long to find out that he was fated to be no famous barrister, so pretty soon he was out hiking over the prairies, getting copy for his real work in life.



BRAND WHITLOCK has probably had just the last few months in Belgium, keeping them from going too far, as he did when he was in the Toledo newspaper. That's the way this man began his career. When he was twenty-one he began his career. When he was twenty-one and acted as special reporter and political editor of the *Herald*. After three years of this he took



FIRST the normal youngster wants to be an engine driver; then, after he's recited the Gettysburg Speech, he knows that the one position worthy of him is the Presidency; and when he takes the one girl to America's greatest play and has to fork over two dollars apiece, he begins to speculate on the advantages of being a playwright. Augustus Thomas is one of those lucky men who tried a little at all three of these things. He has been candidate for the legislature, and in his "early youth" he spent six years in a railroad freight department. He says it's the best training for aspiring Shakespeares he knows of.

"YOU can cure a ham in dry salt and you can cure it in sweet pickle, and when you're through you've got pretty good eating either way, provided you started in with a sound ham," wrote George Lorimer in his "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant." Mr. Lorimer was "cured" first in Armour's packing-house in Chicago; and he was doing very well, too, when he made up his mind to change the process, and start in journalism. And this "cure" was so successful that he is now the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, which has about as popular a flavor as any magazine—except this one, of course.



THIS is the man who once stood up at a bar and put down sixty-seven gin fizzes. Now he is a temperance lecturer—John L. Sullivan, of course, the greatest of heavy-weight pugilists. John L. is not a man to do anything half-way. At one time he drank the three boss alcoholics of Harlem under the table. That, of course, was when he was off training for his famous knock-outs. Recently he handed booze this uppercut: "Never a drop of liquor enters my body again!"